THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XLIV.—No. 572

NOVEMBER 18, 1914

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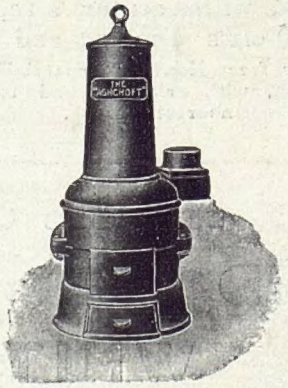

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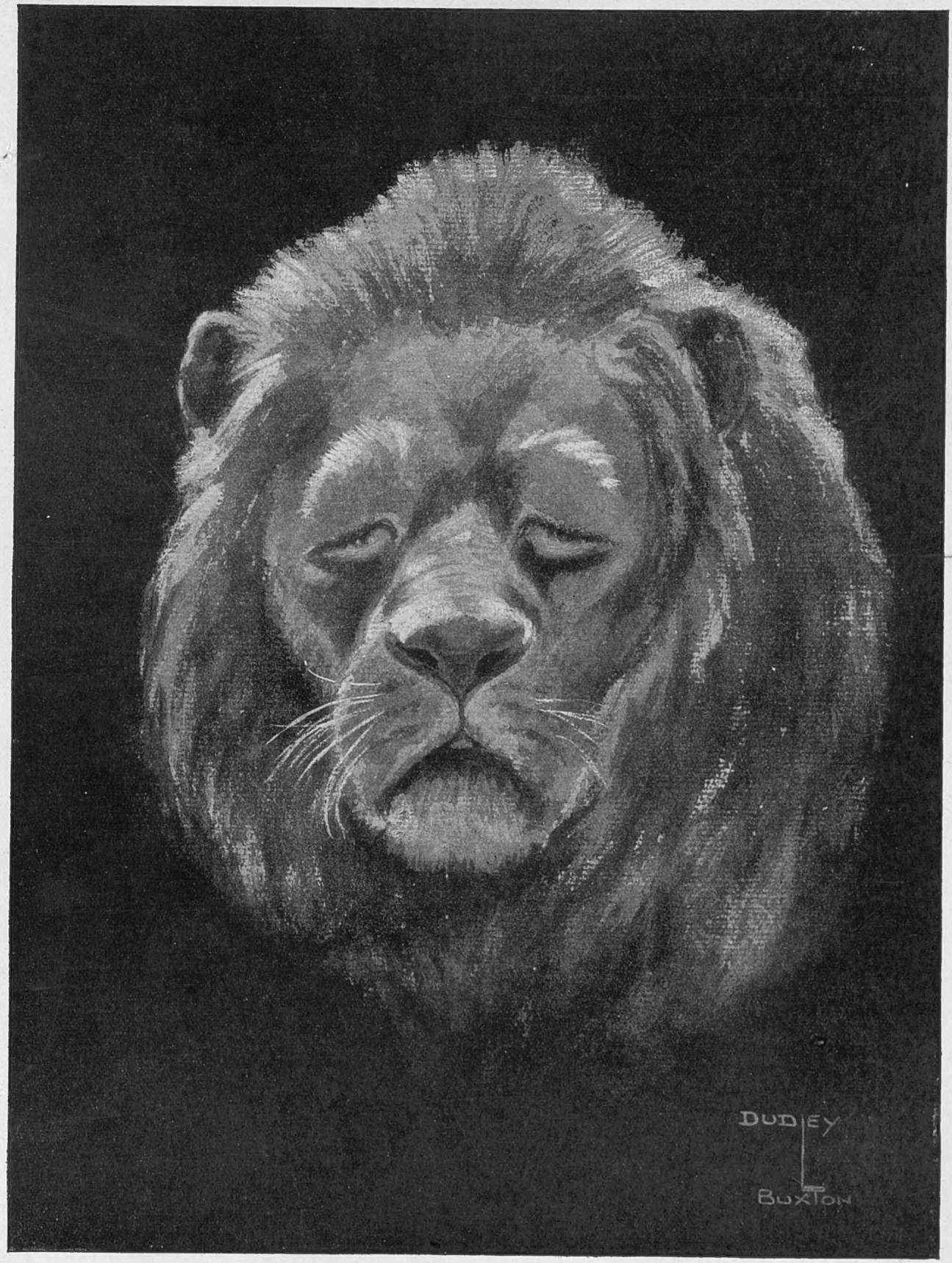
The BYSTANDER



ASLEEP—OR AWAKE?

The enigma of the age—the British Lion

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War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

A Soldier to the Last

THAT he should like a soldier have fallen, at the age of eighty-two, was the public's consolation at the loss of the greatest little man of the times—Lord Roberts. What a soldier Roberts has been is realised for the first time by a generation of short memories. One had looked on him of late years as a voice crying in the wilderness, warning Britain of the wrath to come if she did not prepare herself in time. Most of us had known, in our hearts, that "Bobs" was right, but, as is ever the case, we disregarded his warnings and went our way.

***

Facts Half-Forgotten

What we were apt to forget was the claim of the man to be listened to. We forgot that it was Roberts, and Roberts alone, who saved South Africa for the Empire. After a succession of disasters, the little man who knew went out and converted defeat into victory as with the wave of a fairy's wand. The Abbey is the burial-place his fellow-countrymen would select for him. He, himself, however, forbade, and his remains will be interred near his home at Ascot.

***

Parting Kicks

Is the war in the West at last nearing its last gasp? The little messages that leak out viâ Holland all point to a German retreat, and it is permissible to believe that those furious attacks at Dixmude, Ypres, and Armentières have been the last kicks of exasperation. The Germans must see by now that even if they reached the coast it could only be at the cost of further frightful losses, and that to be at Calais would not necessarily mean to remain there. The Allied Armies would still be intact, worrying their lives out; while they would rediscover the continued existence of the Allied Fleets.

Keeping them Busy

If the Germans retreat to the line of the Meuse, the war in the West will be but the preliminary to the war for the East. The Allies will go on, of course. They owe that effort to Russia, and to think of sitting still would be an act of betrayal. It is generally known that General Joffre could, if he cared to throw away the lives of his men with the recklessness of William II., turn the Germans out of France in very quick time. But to do that would be to do the Russian ally a bad turn. Our men will have to contrive to keep the Kaiser busy in the West for many months yet, so that when victory comes it will be final.

***

Admiration—Not Adulation

It is good to hear that the Australian scheme of giving Capt. von Muller, of the late lamented *Emden*, a public welcome is to be squashed. Anything in worse taste than to herald as a hero an enemy whose buccaneering tactics have resulted in such enormous losses can hardly be imagined. It is one thing to respect a clever enemy, another to slobber over him.

***

The Kaiser "Personally Conducts"

From a letter from a young friend in the London Scottish, who took part with them in the engagement in which they played such a distinguished part, I learn that the Kaiser was present in person to direct the operations against the British troops.

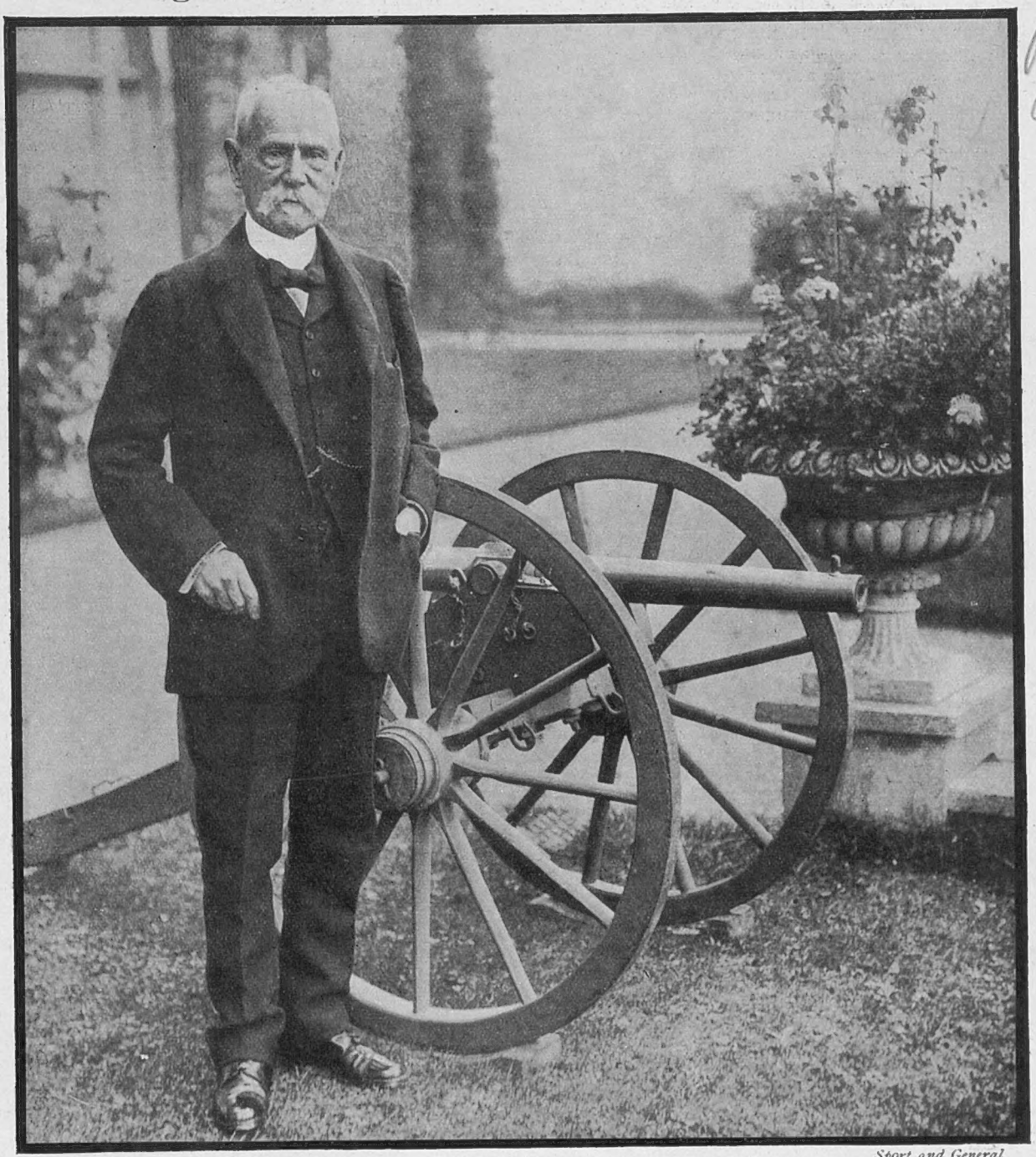
***

Impotent? Not Much

Don't be misled by German Press sneers at the impotence of the British Navy. They know well enough what the British Navy has done since August, is doing now, and will be able to do later on. The presence of three hundred thousand British Empire troops in France is one of the things the Navy has made possible, and the absence of any German troops

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it"



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE LATE LORD ROBERTS

The nation learnt on Sunday of the passing of Lord Roberts with profound sorrow tempered with satisfaction at the thought that he had died, as he would doubtless have wished to die, near to the battle front and in close touch with the troops who loved him so well

anywhere over the seas and of any German merchant ships upon them is another.

* * *

The Boot is on the Other Leg

There is nothing the enemy would like better than to pique the British Navy into doing something brilliant, and in the doing of it to release from their imprisonment a few more cruisers to play the *Emden* game at the expense of shipping and ports in Europe. If proof of the utter helplessness of the German naval position is wanted, it can be seen in their childish glee at having been able to throw a few shells at Yarmouth in the belief that it was Harwich, and then to run away.

Progress of Our Toy Fund

I have to acknowledge as additional contributions to THE BYSTANDER Toy Fund for the Belgian Refugees the following: Major A. W. Parsons, 19th Hussars (on Service) £10. Beatrice White, 5*s*. Anon (Sunderland), 1*s*. T. H. Sholl, 3*s*. 6*d*. Esme, £1. R. T. Gladstone, £1. H. Macfarlane, 10*s*. Miss Clara C. Cann, £1. A. L. D., 2*s*. 6*d*. Cecily Shackleton, 2*s*. 6*d*. M. Dempster, 5*s*. Mrs. Ryan, £1. Master Lennox Napier, £1. Further contributions from readers who sympathise with the object of the Fund—a notice of which appears on p. 238—will be welcomed by the Secretary, Belgian Refugees' Toy Fund, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis House, London, E.C.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Ticket-of-Leave Conscription

So the manhood of Britain is voluntarily to bind itself over to come up when called upon: to enter into recognisances to keep the —war. It will continue its civil life—on ticket-of-leave. At any moment one may be "wanted." A state of suspended animation—or, rather, lack of animation—is to be the civilian's lot, under the new era of "voluntary conscription" which is inaugurated this week with the forms to householders, requiring them—politely—to fill in the names of eligibles (including self) willing to enlist. The result will, I doubt not, be to place the Government in possession, whenever it wants them, of at least a million fresh men. What, however, is to be the lot of those who fail to give the required undertaking?

***

What About the "Noes"?

One fears that there will be hundreds of thousands of conspicuous absentees from the list, and that these will include a large proportion of those who are free to join the colours in body and estate, if not in mind. A really sensible Government—with a sense of humour—would send out polite letters of thanks to all those who *have* volunteered and compulsorily enlist all the rest.

***

The Probable Result

What looks likely to be the result of the new method is that nearly every patriotic man, of the eligible age and fitness, will, regardless of family and business ties, give the needed provisional undertaking, but that the streets will continue to be filled—as they were during the processions of Monday and Wednesday last—with able-bodied young men who are quite free from any such ties, whose absence from home and office would not involve distress or even inconvenience.

***

A Pertinent Question

A question a great many people are asking—and one which ought to be put in Parliament—is the following: Will the authorities, in their selection of recruits, make any distinction in the order of calling up between those whose absence on military service will involve the stranding of wives and families and the loss of trade and employment, and those whose absence will involve no such loss?

***

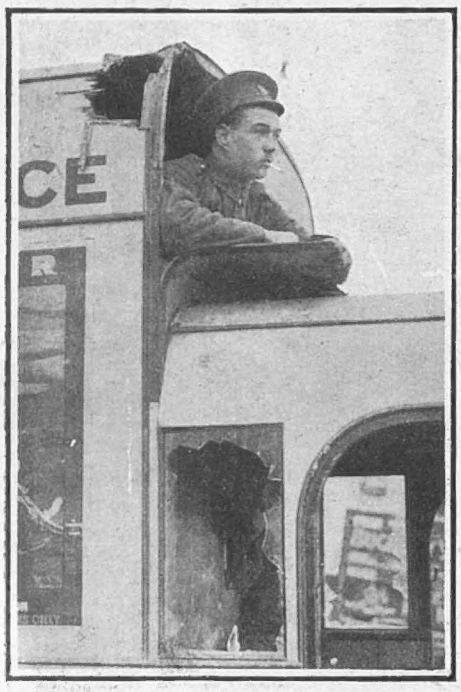
Who Goes First?

For instance, who will be first called up, the wage-payer or the wage-earner? Will the head, say, of a business be taken and his employees left—with no business to be employed in? In this connection it is interesting to note that an income-tax of half a crown is likely. Will the War Office so select its recruits that there may be "some" incomes left to tax? Unless they do, I fear what is Lord Kitchener's gain is going to prove Mr. George's loss. Perhaps the Chancellor will have an eye to that.

***

With Us or Against Us?

One of the most disturbing facts about the situation in Egypt is the apparent shakiness of the



"SOME" DAMAGE

A soldier looking through a hole made by a shell in the roof of one of the North Western and Midland Railways' parcels delivery vans

Out Of It

A group of disabled motor vans brought back from the front The gruelling they have undergone is accentuated by the traces, still plainly seen on some of them, of the peaceful industries in which they were once employed

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Khedive, who remains at the moment in Constantinople. What is happening? Surely it is time to decide whether the Khedive is with us or against us. If he is with us, his place is Cairo; if he is not, Cairo is *no* place for him.

* * *

"All that is Left of Them"

The suicide of General Kekewich serves to remind us of the very few of the heroes of the Boer War who have survived to serve their country in this one. Kitchener and French are the only big men who will go down to history as having been big in both campaigns. Out of it—through death—to name only a few, are Buller, White, Gatacre, Carrington, Hector Macdonald, and Warren; while, last and greatest of all, Roberts has died, a hero to the end, in the discharge of a self-imposed duty. Of the living heroes of the Boer War, Lord Methuen is at home, as also is Baden-Powell.

* * *

A Nameless War

New reputations are, of course, being made: we have already been allowed by the Censor to revere the names of Smith-Dorrien and Douglas Haig. But for news of the work of others we shall have to wait long. This is, as well as a silent war, largely an anonymous one. The names of Joffre and French themselves now appear hardly at all in the despatches, official or otherwise. It has been the same—of late—on the German side. Von Moltke is retired: von Kluck, who used to occupy a news-placard per day for weeks, has gone out of type; so also, it seems, has von Buelow.

* * *

Oratory Ousts Valour

The Royal personages get an occasional mention, but for feats of oratory rather than generalship, as is the case with the England-hating (why?) Prince Rupert of Bavaria. The Crown Prince has gone out of the running—or, rather, has gone too much into the running (away), to be exactly honoured on either side. It looks as though this is a politicians' war, and that history will busy itself rather with recording feats of oratory at home than those of valour in the field.

* * *

A Crop of Phrases

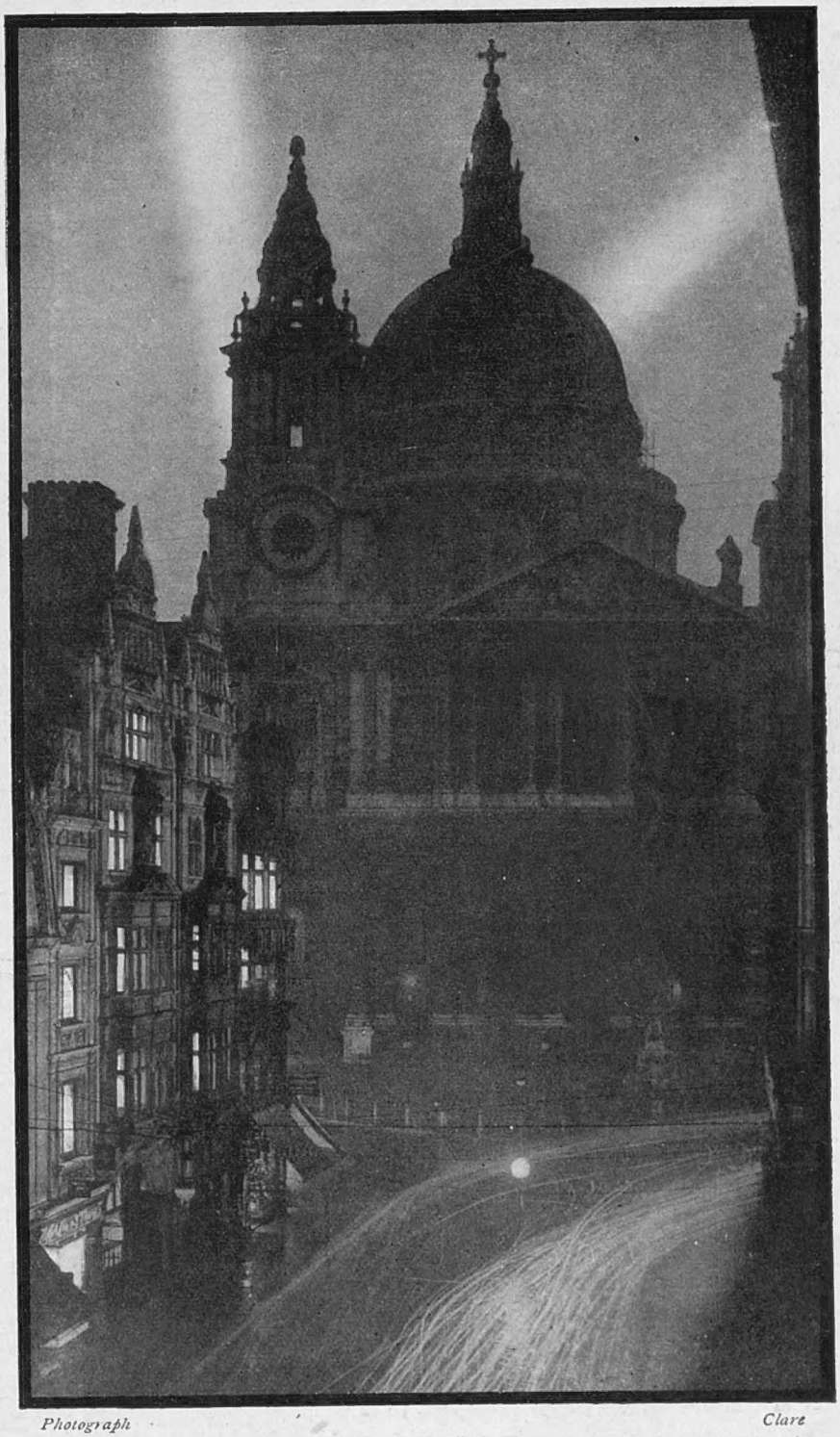
As a maker of phrases, it has already done wonders. "Scrap of paper," "hack our way through," "Paris or die," "contemptible little army," "certain liveliness," "behave frightfully," "rats in a hole," "road-hog of Europe," and, of course, *ueber alles*, the word *kultur*.

* * *

A Word for the Censor

"The continued attack on the Censorship on the part of newspaper editors is not" (writes "Fleet Street") "shared by their staffs. The suppression of names of

Sh—Sh—Sh—!



Photograph *Clare*

An exclusive photograph of . . . . playing over . . . . to detect the arrival of hostile . . . .

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

places, dates and regiments, relieves the latter of the work of verification, which is always a pestilential nuisance. You can pass with little or no trouble an account of a brilliant bayonet charge by the —— at ——, whereas, were the names given, one would have lots of work to do to make sure that they were correct. One's only regret is that the Censorship is not equally kind to us in regard to the Polish and Galician operations. Here we should welcome being compelled to substitute blanks and dashes for, say, Przemsyl and Czernowitz."

***

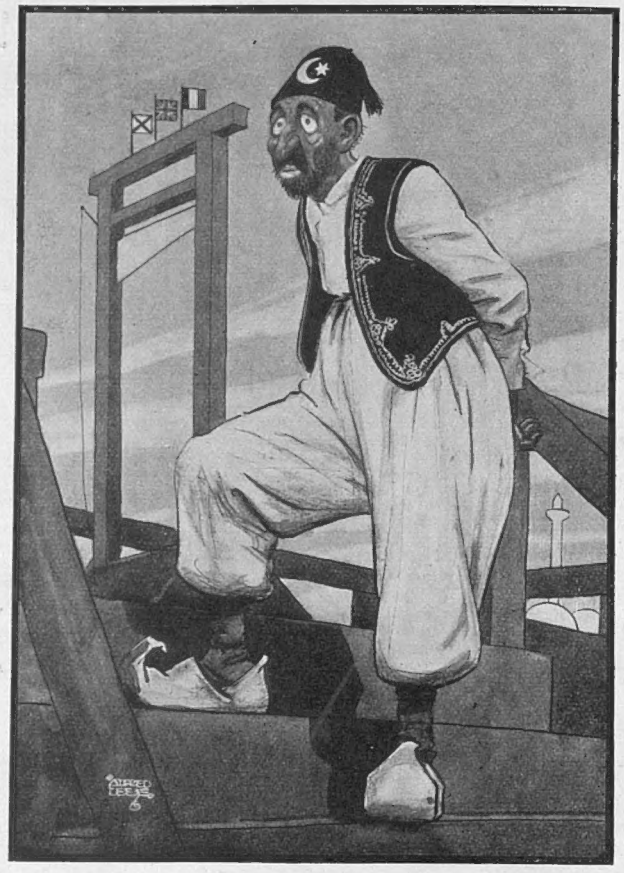
"Bon Voyage!"

The most interesting "society" news of the moment is the departure of M. and Mme. Caillaux to Brazil, where the former French Premier will "inquire into the question of foodstuffs and raw materials which can be used for feeding France." One wishes the Caillaux *bon voyage*. Their new duties are most important, and all France will hope they will not display any undue *haste* in the discharge of them.

***

An Obvious "Way Out"

It is disconcerting, but not surprising, to see that some German spies have been discovered among the recruits in Kitchener's army, and "dealt with by the military authorities." Enlistment is one of the "ways out" most likely to have been thought of by some of those naturalized Britons whom we are all supposed to regard so tenderly.



THE ONLY WAY

TURKEY: "It is a far far better thing I do than I have ever done"

***

What the French Know

The German papers' latest dodge is to insinuate that British help to France by land and sea has been worthless. The French, however, know for themselves that, thanks to the British Fleet, there have been no German bombardments of the French coast, no German interferences with French transports, and very little with French shipping. On land, they know that 300,000 British troops are in the fighting line, that the Germans did not reach Paris, that they are on the eve of retreat, that the French Colonies are intact and on the increase. The German Press Bureau must think of something else. Is it not almost time they fell back on the last resort of all, and tried their mischievous whisperings upon British ears? We may as well be allowed, at least, to look at some of their lucubrations even if they have no more effect on us than to cause a hearty laugh.

IN INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION OF

Some Festive Season

THE BYSTANDER will next week publish—as usual—

SOME CHRISTMAS NUMBER

It will be as merry and bright as the war permits.

Some of the Features:—

"HOW TO BE WITTY THOUGH WOUNDED" . . By Dion Clayton Calthrop
"THE SCAREMONGER" . . . . . By Ford Madox Hueffer
"A GERMAN CANADA!" . . . . . By B. Macdonald Hastings
THE STAFF AS USUAL

Colour Plates:—

"HALF-TIME" (Double Page) . . . . . By G. E. Studdy
"A BLACK LOOK-OUT" . . . . . By Will Owen
HUMOROUS SKETCHES by E. T. Reed, Thomas Maybank, Alfred Leete, Arthur Watts, Bert Thomas, the Brothers Morrow, Tony Sarg, and other features of timely yet seasonable interest.

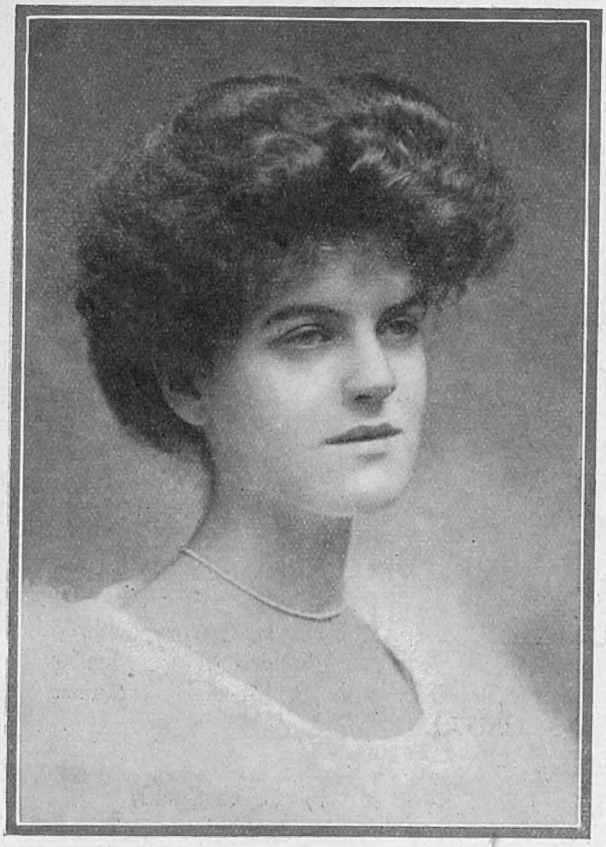
USUAL PRICE—SIXPENCE.

Widowed in Their Country's Cause

Photograph *Rita Martin*

COUNTESS ANNESLEY

Whose husband was in the Royal Flying Corps, and was lost while on a flight from England to Dunkirk



Photograph *Langfier*

LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND

Formerly Lady Joan Byng, daughter of the Earl of Strafford. Her husband, Captain the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland, eldest son of Lord Dunleath, was in the Irish Guards, and was killed in action near Ypres

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY VICTORIA LEGGE-BOURKE

Whose husband, Mr. Nigel Legge-Bourke of the Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Harry Legge, the King's Equerry, has been killed in action. Lady Victoria is the daughter of Lord and Lady Lincolnshire, and was married last year. She is left with a baby son

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

74 Not Out

The Admiralty is delighted with Lord Fisher. The old sailor is more breezy and delightful than ever. "Younger than ever" is the general verdict, and the great man himself is responsible for the description of "Seventy-four and a daisy at that."

***

A "Jacky" Yarn—

Lord Fisher has all his old dislike of official furniture. He protests that he can only work when he is surrounded by his own familiar household gods. To an official of the Board of Works he gave lengthy orders as to what was to be done. "There you have it all. Now, when will you be through with it?" he demanded. "Immediately," was the answer. The great man stepped forward impetuously with a gesture of endearment. "Capital," he cried, "and by the way, if you would like a battleship just send me a post-card."

***

—And Another

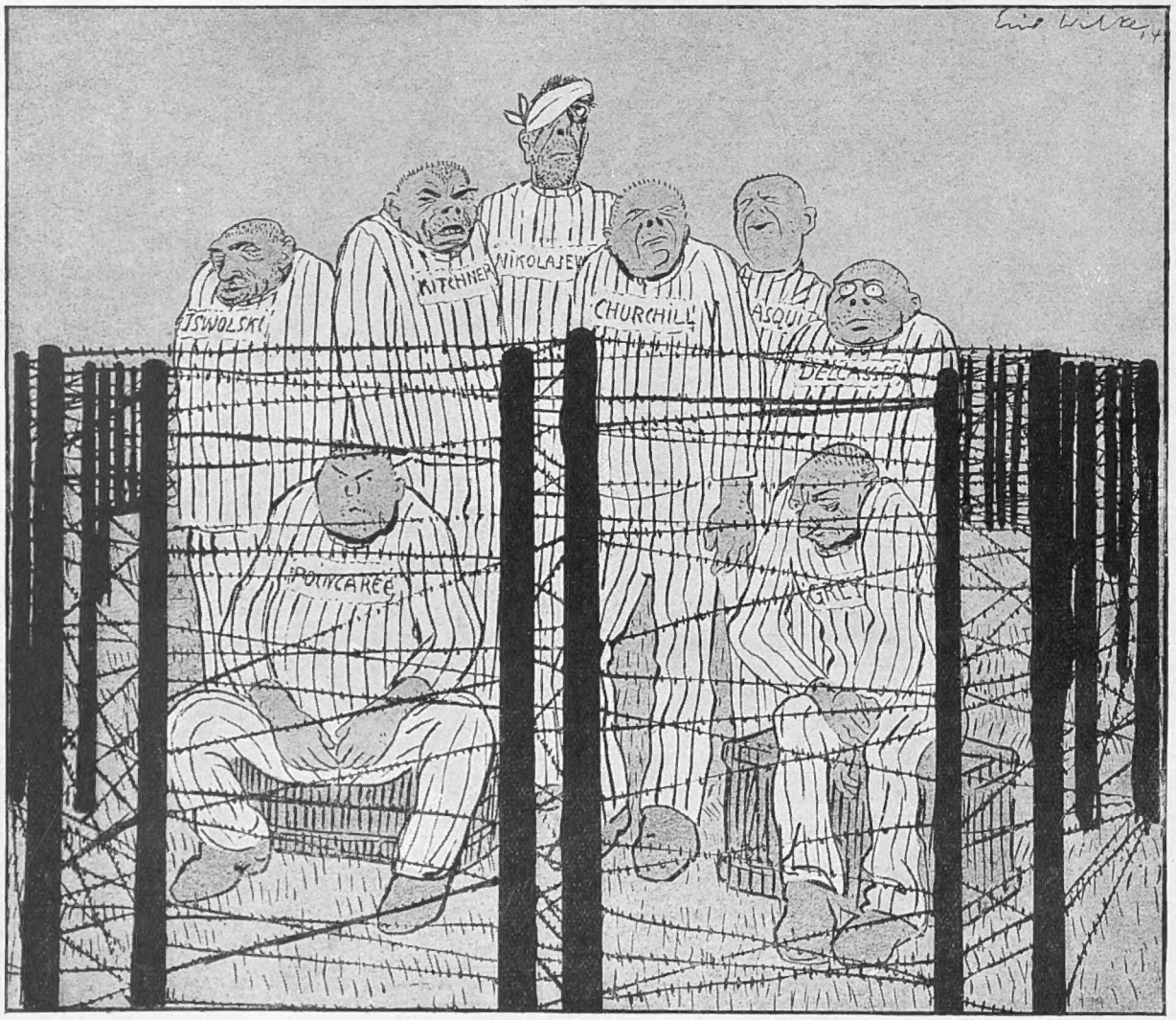
His insistent demand was for a Turkey carpet—and a very fine Turkey carpet too. One was produced and instantly condemned. He protested that it was not a Turkey carpet at all. His verdict being challenged he referred to one which had been his great grandfather's. On its being respectfully suggested that that venerable connoisseur was no longer available as a source of supply he admitted that the official had scored a point. But he still clamoured for a gorgeous Turkey carpet. "You see," he explained, "this room is to be my quarter-deck. I shall be pacing along here. There there will be some officer. I shall tell him that he is a damned fool. He will defend himself, and then we shall have a devil of a row. It is absolutely essential that I should be able to say sweetly at the right moment, 'Gad, isn't this a beautiful carpet?'"

***

With The Immortals

No one would hesitate to assign to Sir John French's despatches a place in the select list of writings that are termed immortal if only by reason of the deathless deeds which they record, and, therefore, *The Graphic* is to be congratulated on having published the splendid story they tell of Mons, the Marne, and the Aisne in *brochure* form at the modest price of 6*d*. net. To render the history of these three great engagements even more intelligible, and to assist the reader in grasping the positions of the Armies at various stages of their operations, the text is interspersed with a series of ten excellent maps by Mr. G. F. Morrell. A full list of the officers and men mentioned in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches is also included.

Giving Them Their Deserts—*(German version)*



A German illustrated paper's idea of what an English concentration camp really ought to look like

From *JUGEND*

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"Nix on the War Discussion"

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NEUTRALITY OF NEW YORK

"NIX on the war discussion—we're neutral here," is the legend on a card exhibited in a very great number of shops and restaurants in New York. But it is merely a business caution. America is not neutral. Heart and soul the civilised population is with us.

New York—unhappy city!—has a German population twice that of Bremen and more German residents than Leipzig and Frankfort-on-Main combined. Moreover, it houses more Austrians and Hungarians than Trieste and Fiume combined. Therefore it is inevitable that the German point of view should be heard on occasion, and that this outlook should be reflected to some extent in the newspapers. But the German is not ebullient in New York. He does not scream his nationality to the heavens. As with the Jews in olden days, he herds with his own kind before he dare give vent to his hopes and fears.

This is a story of a passenger on an Atlantic liner, Liverpool—New York. His name was Baron Carl von B——, and his destination was the German Embassy, in Washington. Was he the only German on the ship? It is impossible to say. But certainly he was the only first-class passenger about whose unfortunate nationality it was possible to be certain. Hence all eyes rested contemptuously on him as he passed. Even the officers and stewards seemed instinctively to draw away from him. Americans on board who pitied his terrible ostracism dared not speak to him for fear of being similarly scorned themselves. Hence the Baron Carl crept furtively. He slunk along the decks rather than walked. White to the lips he staggered to his feet as the orchestra played the Marseillaise or British National Anthem at the conclusion of dinner. He had not the moral courage to keep his seat. And particularly at these moments were the hundreds of contemptuous eyes searching his soul. One could not but be impressed with the tragedy of it all. Already—and certainly for many years—the Germans shall walk apart. The mark of the beast is on them

America is very glad to be out of it, because America is a business nation, and thinks of its pocket first. But deep down underneath this outward expression of satisfaction lie two emotions. One is an uneasy feeling that America is shirking its share of the burden of civilisation. The other emotion is rather quaint, but of its existence there is not the slightest doubt. This is "the biggest thing ever" in wars, and America is out of it! Imagine what that means to Uncle Sam! His national aspiration is to go one bigger than anyone else. And now! He looks up at the many monuments scattered about his country that recall the little skirmish known as the American Civil War, and he feels small. I do not say that any American has expressed this sentiment, but it is easy to detect its existence.

The newspapers are, of course, wholesomely pro-Allies. Bennett's papers, the *Herald* and the *Telegram*, are really rather amusing. The fervour of their championship of our cause induces their editors to put the best possible light on every item of news. "Belgians evacuate Antwerp to lure Germans on," was, however, a little hard to swallow. The *Telegram* beats all other papers for the size of its type. In lettering two and a half inches deep (known, I believe, as "stud-horse" type) right across the page it records the most sensational happenings in scores of editions. These particular headlines have never once since the war started conveyed any item of news unless it was favourable to the Allies. Indeed, the popular belief in New York is that Bennett would sack the entire staff in the event of such a thing happening.

Writing of headlines, I cannot resist quoting this comical specimen from I cannot remember which paper:

PATS GOD ON BACK.

Beneath it were details of one of the Kaiser's blasphemous speeches, in which he gave God the credit for Louvain or Rheims or some similar "triumph."

The real reason for the warmth of the American sympathy for our cause is most welcome. Belief in the righteousness of our campaign—unaccompanied by another sentiment—would have left them cold. A mere desire for the triumph of justice would never bring that eager note into the voice, that fervour of hand-clasp, that light in the eyes and instant uprising at the sound of British music. No. There is a far more glorious reason for the passionate comradeship of America. It is based on an almost reverential admiration for the feats of the British Army.

Yes—the "contemptible" army won the heart of America. The "contemptible" army really defeated the machinations of the unwhisperable Dernburg. The "contemptible" army has woven an eternal bond between the two Anglo-Saxon countries.

Did that bond exist before? On paper—yes, but in reality—no. No candid man can say there was any love lost between English and Americans before the war. Is it worth while to inquire into the reasons? Is past history in this case even of interest? Let us be content with the glorious fact that mistrust and dislike have disappeared, and a real affection based on mutual admiration has taken their place.

Stand outside the newspaper offices at night and hear the eager cheering as the portraits of King George and the British warriors are thrown on the screen. Go to the smartest restaurants and mark how the luxurious diners spring to their feet as the band strikes up "Tipperary." Visit the music-halls and see "turn," "act," and "spectacle" all devoted to the glorification of the armies of the Allies. You will get a little tired of standing up for national anthem after national anthem, and having your hand wrung by frantic enthusiasts who are aware of your nationality—but you will go to bed very happy. Out of the evil that is the Kaiser has sprung much good. For one thing America has discovered England.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

"They'll Have to Get Under ——"

—AND TRY THIS METHOD OF INVASION, IF ALL OTHERS FAIL

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WORLD BOUNDERISM

BERNHARDI ON "BRITAIN AS GERMANY'S VASSAL"

HAVING carefully studied his *World Power or Downfall* and *How Germany Makes War*, and marvelled frightfully thereat, I have now run through Bernhardi's third republication, *Britain as Germany's Vassal* (W. Dawson and Sons, Ltd., 2s.) to discover that Bernhardi is not always such an impressible person, and that he can, an he likes, in a very short time, reduce the whole of his grand case for German militarism and *kultur* to blatant, blithering balderdash. We see reviewed here all the arguments in favour of war for its own sweet sake, with Germany's *weltmacht* as sufficient justification in ethics, but minus the ponderosity: they are set forth in popular style, and combine with cheapness the correct German accompaniment of nastiness.

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In the earlier books Bernhardi put up some sort of tolerable case for *kultur*—or, at least, the manner of his delivery led one to suspect that he might have a good case. In *Britain as Germany's Vassal* he is in a hurry, and one detects the accent of the vulgarian and manner of the swanker. All through the book Bernhardi harps on the *bigness* of Germany measured in statistics. Because Germany has sixty-five millions against France's forty and Britain's forty-five, and because Germany has a *bigger* army, then Germany has a divine right to the possessions of the other nations!

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It is true that Bernhardi chucks in, to relieve the dulness of the figures, the usual mush about the "impartiality and universality of the German mind," its clear-thinking, spiritual freedom, moral and political liberty and the rest of the mixture as before. But you have got used to that. It is like the "well-thumbed volume of Shakespeare" which the interviewer always finds at the hand of the successful business man, only the volume from which Bernhardi quotes is the well-thumbed one of Bernhardi. What you see here revealed about the man is that he is a philosophical *parvenu*. Behind the whole of his professions is belief in material power. Bernhardi will quote himself (and friend Treitschke at times) on spiritual liberty, etc., etc., but what he is really repeating beneath his breath are the figures he has learnt by heart of Germany's population and Germany's army.

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You know the type of successful person who always contrives to put a figure on everything he discusses. Bernhardi is like that. He can never forget Germany's sixty-five millions. You know also the habit of the same type of person who, when talking about — say — dogs means *his* dogs; about pictures, means his pictures; about books, means his books; about gardens, his gardens; cigars, his cigars; motors, his motors. You apply to him the simple word "bounder."

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In Bernhardi, and in the Germany that seems to have been built by Bernhardi in his own image, you have the Bounder among the nations. When Germany talks of culture she means culture as made in Germany: of spirituality, liberty, poetry, art, philosophy—everything you like—she means the precise brand of article that is produced by herself. When the Kaiser talks of God, it is always his, the German, God.

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Germany has a concrete base even for the things that are abstract. Of respect for the sentiments of others, conformity to accepted codes, tolerance for faiths and prejudices, and all such symptoms of what we call *gentlemanliness*, modern Germany has none. Her position in Europe is that of the inhabitant of Eden in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, who, to show his independence, sat in the middle of the floor and spat around him in circles: or that of another primitive Yankee in the same book who, after thoughtfully sucking his knife for some moments, suddenly plunged it into the butter to which Martin was about to help himself. When Martin protested, he said, "Sir, I see you have no respect for the institutions of our country." Germany has been sucking the knife of militarism for forty years, and has now plunged it into the butter of European peace and concord, and when the Briton—the Chuzzlewit of the situation—raises his eyebrows, he is told that he has no respect for German *kultur*,

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Bernhardi reveals in German Bounderdom another priceless symptom: he shows us the petty jealousy and imitativeness of the species. Seeing in the house of a "gentleman friend" certain collections, the results of years of travel and research, the German Bounder asks why the gentleman, who is *no better off* than he, should possess something that he has not got. He, too, must have a collection. Not of an original kind—the Bounder is never original—but of precisely the same kind, and the world must be scoured and ransacked, spoliated and burgled that he obtain his collection without delay.

The possessions which the Gentlemen of Europe acquired, as a result of years of travel and research, were Colonies. Briton, Frenchman, Spaniard, Dutchman—all had ancestors of a roving, adventurous spirit, and, as a result, they were able to hand down to their families many a fine discovery or capture. The German, having grown suddenly rich and prosperous, looks with green-eyed envy on the Colonies of the Gentlemen of Europe, so out he goes to seek some for himself. Having neither taste nor skill as a collector, he finds that the things he picks up on the open market are not of the best, so he sets to work to obtain possession of the valuables of his neighbours.

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If colonies were the natural expression of German *kultur*, Germany would have discovered them for herself ages ago. There have been—for Europe's sins—Germans in as large quantities, and as long, as there have been other nationalities. If Germans, when once they get out of the Fatherland, seem to prefer to remain out of it, and to become absorbed in other nations, there must be something very wrong with either Germans or Germany. But there is nothing wrong with the rest of Europe. If Germans are in such dire need of Germanies beyond the seas, why don't they settle in them when they've got them?

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Germany has now approached in the world the stage at which the Bounder, having satisfied himself as to material possessions, is out to buy for himself a peerage, and a place in the Cabinet. The Allies represent the sentiment of aristocrat and democrat alike in their dislike of the *parvenu*. They wouldn't rob him for worlds of any one of his hoarded possessions. Let him keep his dogs, his motors, his gardens, drink himself to death with his own wines, and smoke himself hoarse with his own cigars. All they desire is that he shall cease to impose his vulgarian standard of taste on other nations by obtaining for himself a status superior to the rest of the world, the only claim to which is his "ain guid conceit o' himsel'." Let him lose that conceit: let him fall into line with the rest of Europe and realise that it is greatness of the mind, not of the body, that wins great respect, and that the greatest of all the signs of greatness is the littleness of the consciousness thereof.

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Germany has recently, once again, annexed Shakespeare. If the bounder among nations will just open his "well-thumbed volume" at *Measure for Measure*, Act II., Sc. 2., he will find:

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. V. C.

THE BARD BOUNDERISED

Germany has now formally annexed Shakespeare. At the opening of a Shakespeare season in Berlin the bard was represented to have formally abandoned English nationality. We may now expect an addition something like this to his numerous portraits and statues

A Nation of Waiters

In peace as in war, the German proves that there is always one thing he can do—wait!

The

RECRUIT: "By Ga

Idol

d ! It's worth it ! ”

BELLICOSITIES

WE are not inclined to attribute the anti-German riots in Constantinople to pro-British proclivities. They are probably caused by the attempt of the Germans to give the Turks lessons in lying. Ottoman subjects admit that there may be some things they have to learn: but not that.

* * *

We do not seem to have seen anywhere the expected allusion to the *Emden* as having been "'Emmed in." Lest this should somehow fail to find its place among the witticisms of the war, we put it reverently on record herewith.

* * *

If we have to read much more gush in the British Press as to the achievements of Captain von Muller, we shall begin to think that the *Emden* was a British ship, and that the thirty odd craft she sank were German.

* * *

In about twelve months time we expect to read something like this:

Capture of the 'Bombden'

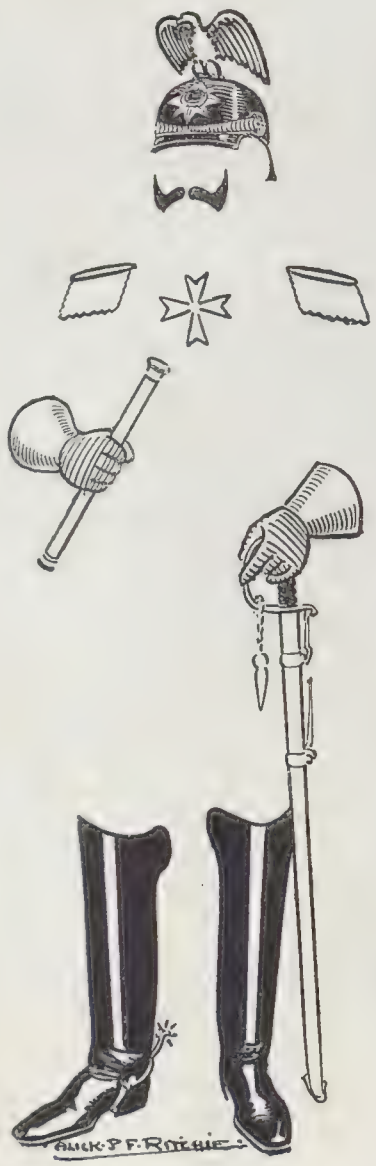
FAMOUS ZEPPELIN RAIDER BROUGHT TO EARTH AT LAST

The Empire will learn with joy that the famous air-raider *Bombden* has at last been brought to earth by the New Zealand naval aeroplane near Liverpool. Her gallant Captain, von Schloesser, is, we are glad to say, safe. Since she began her operations, the *Bombden* has destroyed five cities, thirteen towns, and fifty villages, and accounted for the lives of ten thousand men, women, and children. She has lain in ruins Westminster Abbey, Canterbury and York Cathedrals, the National and Tate Galleries, the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the works of Armstrong at Gateshead, and Nettlefold, Birmingham, to say nothing of Woolwich Arsenal, Devonport Dockyard, five Dreadnoughts, ten cruisers, and a mass of small craft.

The net damage done by her to British property runs into at least a hundred millions sterling.

It is, nevertheless, our delight to admit that Captain von Schloesser has invariably done his devastating work in the spirit of a sportsman and gentleman, and has — so far as has been possible at so great an altitude —displayed marked courtesy. Many of his announcements dropped down on cities prior to bombardment have been of a particularly happy phraseology, particularly in the case of Birmingham, where the destruction of the City Hall was preceded by a message reading, "Are You Downhearted? No? But You Will Be!"

We trust that at a suitable time, should there be any public building left in which the ceremony could take place, some opportunity will be taken to express to Captain von Schloesser the esteem of the British people.



NOT ALL THERE

* * *

"League Football Surprises," announced a newspaper headline. League Football, at the present moment, is in itself a surprise.

* * *

"A Halifax Scheme: More Men for Our Recruiting Army." We didn't read what it was. If to send to Halifax some of the officials who have, hitherto, been engaged in the work of recruiting, it will have our cordial support.

* * *

It is good news to hear that the Territorial "gunners" will soon be at the front. They, at least, may be relied on to H.A.C. their way through.

* * *

The *Times* says that hundreds of its readers complain when anything other than optimistic in character appears in its columns, and that military experts are called "Dismal Jimmies." Certainly this seems disrespectful. "Dismal Jameses" would be a much more proper way to refer to writers in the *Times*.

* * *

If necessary, M. Clemenceau announces, Japanese will take their place in the battlefields of Northern France. All we hope is that if they do they will be brought first to England and toured round the country so that everybody may see them in his own locality—just the same procedure, in fact, as was adopted at an earlier date when the Russians came through.

* * *

"The fall of Antwerp," wrote a prominent German merchant to a French manufacturer, "was the moment when we might have joined with you against our common enemy, England. Where, however, is the diplomatist who could have brought about this happy issue?" We join in asking. Where, indeed!

The Return from London

THE VANGUARD OF THE GERMAN INVASION LEADS THE WAY BACK TO THE FATHERLAND WITH SPOILS OF WAR

Winning The War By Poster

THE UP-TO-DATE VERSION OF "KILLING KRUGER WITH YOUR MOUTH"

THE English public may be divided roughly into three classes: firstly, those who really read the newspapers; secondly, those who do not really read the newspapers at all, but content themselves with glancing at the most important, or, to be strictly accurate, what the editor wishes them to consider the most important, items of news, and, of course, the headlines; thirdly, the not inconsiderable few who save their pennies by strictly limiting their curiosity to the posters.

The vast majority of people, of course, belong to the second category, but let no one believe that the third class does not exist. From personal observation I know better, and I believe that the unexpected, unrealised size of it is largely accountable for the attitude of a numerically important section of the public towards the war in general and the necessity of recruiting in particular.

For, let there be no mistake about it, we are winning the war by poster so easily that nobody can be expected to worry about it. The poster-public must live in a beautiful dream of their own. Every night at six o'clock and most afternoons at twelve-thirty a special victory is provided for their private delight. The fate of the German armies was, in truth, decided for them in the first week of the war before Liège. All that has happened since must appear to be of, so to speak, merely platonic interest. "The Russian Steam Roller," "Distinct German Defeat" (what an indistinct German defeat may be is, presumably, too subtle for anybody but the poster-public to grasp), "German Hordes Repulsed by French Armies" (only the hostile forces, of course, can be described as hordes), "The Long Way to Calais"—all these are merely pleasing little titbits to keep some little interest alive.

On very rare occasions the posters give bad news. If they do it must be sensational, as when the sinking of an antiquated type of cruiser is labelled "British Naval Disaster." But so completely has the atmosphere of victory penetrated the poster-public that this kind of thing only serves as a kind of *sorbet* to palates jaded by the monotony of success.

"What d'ye mean by shouting 'good news from the Front?'"

"Well, ain't no news good news, Guv'nor?"

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that according to the posters we are not only winning all the time, but winning quite easily. Yet not even our Press, very foolish as it has often been, thinks that to be the case. If you read the papers you will often discover sensible, sometimes rather pessimistic, articles on the situation. But go outside, and cast your eye over the poster which advertises the paper you have just been reading, and the odds are that you will find it flaunting some crassly foolish optimism that if not exactly untrue is so exaggerated as to be less than half true.

For instance, the week before last most of the papers were bewailing a shortage of recruits. One paper in particular was extremely depressed, and complained that the public did not seem to realise how critical was the battle raging in Flanders, how urgent was the need of men to counterbalance our severe losses. Yet this same paper, on the very same day, had issued a poster describing what was, in fact, an incidental repulse of the enemy as a "GREAT GERMAN ROUT!" Could foolishness go further?

Everybody likes to hear that that is true which he wants to believe. We all want to hear of successes, so the posters tell us of them in the hope that we shall buy the papers and read further. To those who do buy and read critically no harm is done. But on those who do not—and I repeat they are very many—the effect is disastrous, and all the more disastrous because it is thoroughly insidious. Too many people in this country like to live in a fool's paradise at all times, and the newspaper posters deliberately encourage them by creating a semi-conscious belief in easy victory which is quite unjustified by the facts. If only the Censorship, instead of deleting the names of all the places where our troops were a fortnight ago, would turn its attention to unduly optimistic posters and headlines we should be appreciably nearer winning a final victory. War by poster benefits nobody, not even the newspaper proprietor in the long run. He is found out at last, and has to pay no inconsiderable indemnity to an outraged public opinion.

F. T.

These Changing Times

THE RESTAURANT BAND – BEFORE THE WAR

THE SAME PERFORMERS – PRESENT TIME

WHAT THE AVERAGE LONDON RESTAURANT BAND LOOKED LIKE BEFORE THE WAR, AND WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE NOWADAYS

The City of Dreadful Dulness

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

[*Our contributor has managed to smuggle his way from a neutral country to the German capital, of which the following article gives a faithful impression*]

YESTERDAY for three thrilling minutes I discovered the Kaiser. A crowd gathered in the Lustgarten, and gaped at the Schloss roof, ejaculating: "*Der Kaiser ist angekommen!*" "The Kaiser is back!" The crowd (all female) so reasoned because a yellow flag with black eagles appeared on the Schloss flagstaff; and this means the presence of Wilhelm II. Next an agile man swarmed up the flagstaff, pulled at the flag, hauled it down again, and ran it up again. He was only practising, or repairing. The crowd (all female) dispersed.

Ever since the second week of August the puzzle is "Where is the Kaiser?" *Wo ist er?* We all know where the Kaiserin is; where the Crown Princess (who is growing stout) is; and where is Princess August Wilhelm. Now, though war ought to put Man in the limelight, the turn has come for Woman. The papers say not a word about the Superwarlord; but are full of the Superwarlady. The Headquarters Staff finds it necessary to conceal Wilhelm's whereabouts; and (except once when he really did appear) no man has seen him.

The Kaiserin last week drove through the Tiergarten to Schloss Bellevue. Her motor-car knocked down the inevitable boy, who inevitably was not hurt. Lately the Kaiserin was at Mayence; at Hanover; at Breslau; and on October 26 at Posen, where she inspected a big new military hospital. She refused to sleep in the Kaiser's new Neo-Gothic castle, which the *Vowaerts* (in its old, unredeemed days) called "the pinnacle of tastelessness." She gave a flower to wounded Private Walther Amrhein, of the Hesse Landwehr, and asked: "Is the war, then, so terrible?" The private (the Posen paper says) was "too weak to reply."

War is aggravating the always aggravating woman question. No men are left here except ancient natives, Britons (all registered as tickets-of-leave at Herr v. Jagow's Presidium), and neutrals. In peace time the Friedrichstadt is thronged with tough Brandenburgers, *souteneurs*, and Muscovites waiting for Friedrichstrasse trains. Now there are women, women, women. Women all of a new type. The true Friedrichstadt woman (dependent mainly on youthful male friendships) has taken herself to a nunnery. In the Kaiser Keller I saw five maids seated with one male. Unheard of.

A GERMAN NEWSPAPER'S VIEW OF BRITISH RECRUITING

DIGNITARIES OF ENGLAND: "Will your Grace condescend to enter our glorious Army?"

(*From the "Berliner Tageblatt"*)

Princess August Wilhelm is mobilising the manless women. She is President of the Union of Fatherlandlike Women. The aim is to enlist women in all patriotic services except fighting. Countess Solms-Sonnenwalde, also a light of the Fatherlandlike, says the war will revolutionise the relations of the sexes. 'The war killed Suffragettism in England. It will make Feminism in Germany. If the war lasts our women must become doctors, lawyers and architects. These are needed; women must supply the need. When peace comes our professional men who are fighting as reserve officers will find their practices in female hands."

Women are to solve the food question. Radical and S.D. papers ask Herr von Bethmann Hollweg (who grows thinner every day) to fix a maximum wheat price. Wheat and fodder are sore points. Women will be recruited "to ensure more intensive field labour"—in plainer words, to dig. Privy Councillor Fischer says that substitutes must be found. For wheat, not for women. Potatoes will do as fodder. Grain may be saved by not distilling for alcohol. Autocracy will see to that. Already Autocracy is impressing Labour for the clothes question. The Army Commando decided last week that it can't get uniforms quick enough, so it put in force the Army Supply Act of 1873; and ordered all big towns to supply so many uniforms a week, just as if they were Belgian or French. Leipzig is doing this with forced labour. It ordered all tailors and tailoresses to help in making the 2,000 army cloaks a week which the Army Commando requires. "On penalty of fine." "The first forced labourers," says the *Anzeiger*, "were three pretty tailoresses from Chemnitz."

The World-City is frightfully dark. Charlottenburg and Schoeneberg will this week shorten their electricity supply. It will be dark even near the Grosse Stern. There are still 300 benighted Britons in the World-City, and many more in the suburbs. These Britons agree that since foreign amusement, names, and notions got banned—for patriotic reasons—the World-City is duller than ever. When brave (or Jewish) Reinhardt played *Twelfth Night* last Thursday, half of Herr v. Jagow's ticket-of-leave Britons turned up *in Smoking*. At the Palace Theater, fat Thielscher (formerly of the Metropole) allows himself two English jokes—one aimed at Winston. The *Folies Caprice* has abjured its French name in wily fashion. Instead of removing the sky-sign, it has put a stroke through it; and set up underneath "Possen-Theater."

I went into the "Tanz-Lokal Hübner," in Friedenau. Twenty odd maids, nearly all pretty, danced. There were two middle-aged men, and four boys. War is hell.

Luminous as Usual

Although Paris has frequently been visited by hostile aircraft the City of Light has not thought it necessary to imitate the darkness of London by night

Everyday Occurrences in France

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

I HAVE just had a ride on a 'bus. And in case you should be of a hasty disposition, *ami lecteur*, or for that matter *amie lectrice*, and throw this paper down before you read another line of "that fellow's nonsense" (that fellow being your humble servant to command), I will explain at once that having a ride on a 'bus is not at all an everyday occurrence nowadays. The Paris omnibus is at the front. The omnibus on which I have had a ride was also at the front, and I got on to it because words painted on it told me of the forgotten joys of Liverpool Street.

That 'bus made me remember a visit to Lowestoft. My friend, Lewis Waller, was down there, I remember. I told my next door neighbour on the Liverpool Street 'bus what it recalled to me, as we trundled along through——. I beg the Censor's pardon—through "a town in France." Though, now I come to think of it, I won't swear that it was not Belgium. And yet again Belgium is largely at Sainte Adresse, near Havre, now! How this war muddles one's geography. "Waller," said my neighbour on the Liverpool Street 'bus, "yes, *I* remember Lewis Waller! I see'd him once from the pit." "In *Walter Raleigh?*" "Chap that smoked a churchwarden? 'Myes. That was him! *Nice* young lady she was too, and so well brought up. I visited her mother, and I walked out with her for two or three weeks, too. Funny I can't remember her name." So, the Liverpool Street 'bus reminded me of Lowestoft and Lewis Waller, and Lewis Waller reminded my companion of the young lady whose name he could not remember.

The afternoon became still less like reality when an A.S.C. lorryman came alongside and inquired of Bill, "'Ev you seen that squirrel of mine anywheres?" I pinched myself, looked about me, and listened. No, I was not dreaming. There was plenty of live khaki to be seen. I felt my flesh between my thumb and finger, and the shells screamed overhead some distance off, and the big guns boomed dully in the distance. It was war-time—just an ordinary autumn afternoon in war-time. "What does that silly ass mean by talking about a tame squirrel?" I said. "Yes," said my companion, "foolish talk, ain't it? I don't take much count of squirrels myself. White mice is mine."

"Look here, Bill," says I, "I've got one cigar left and three matches. We'll divide that cigar and one of the matches, like brothers, if you'll tell me whether I am going off my head, or only think I am." "'Old on, sir," said the man in the road, "isn't your knife sharp enough to cut that cigar into three? Because I've got a bricky (he meant the little flint and steel *briquet* which can be bought in France, and which France's Dumanet will often exchange for something else with Thomas Atkins). "I'll help old Bill to explain," said the owner of the elusive squirrel, and they both told me together.

All these men have pets which they have collected from panic-stricken peasantry and others who fled their homes before the onrush of the Germans, and gave their pets

to Tommy to take care of. The lorry-drivers got the most. One man had a goat and fed it on the footboard every day, and milked it every evening. My two friends had a squirrel and a couple of white mice respectively. Dogs, of course, are legion, and I know men who have several canaries. There is another who has a parrot, too, and he has taught the parrot to say "Missed 'im again, ole One O'clock" (old One O'clock is Thomas Atkins's pet name for General von Kluck).

The other evening in Paris it was raining. A friend from England had dined with me at a little restaurant in Montmartre, and when we were turned out at half-past nine we went down to the Imperial Club for an hour's chat. When we came out of the Club the rain was much worse than the average bombardment. A man and a woman had taken refuge in the Club doorway, and the man and I both laid claim to the same cab. In fact, the man was rather rude about it, and he actually laid hold of my friend's arm and tried to pull him out of the cab. We should have let him have the cab as he had a lady with him, but his accent was uncomfortably suggestive. I asked him what that accent meant. The lady with him begged him not to make a fuss, and said she didn't mind the rain. Her hat was a very nice one, and I was, therefore, more suspicious than ever. "*Monsieur est de la Legation,*" she said. "*La Legation? Quelle Legation?*" said I. "*Sher svee ter la leckassion Holl-andaiss,*" said the stranger. "The brute's a German," said my friend. I let him get into the cab and told the driver to tell me what address the man had given him. I got a taxi-cab myself the moment afterwards, drove home in a few minutes, telephoned to the police and the gentleman of the "Hollandische Embassy" was arrested before I went to bed. "*Oui, c'était un Boche,*" said the quiet little voice over the telephone. "His papers were not in order. *B' Soir M'sieu' l'*"

"You remember that bottle of whisky you gave me," said my friend, "I nearly lost it the day before yesterday." "Suddenly or gradually?" I asked. "Very suddenly. Shrapnel," he cried. "As how?" said I. "Seven of us had been having lunch in a little place near ——. (Yes, that's the Censor.) I was standing up against the mantelpiece smoking a cigarette when somebody complained of a draught, and we all went into the next room—the back room of the inn—for coffee. The last man of us hadn't crossed the threshold before a shell came smashing in and burst in the room we had just left. There wasn't any mantelpiece, and there was very little else left of that room when we went back to look." "Did your cigarette go out?" I asked. "Very nearly," he said. "I was worried about those bottles of whisky. There was one full bottle and about a quarter of the other. They were in one of those little cheap stained wood buffet things which you see in most French villages. There was only half the buffet left, but my bottle and a half of whisky were all right, and there was one unbroken glass. But, by Jove, for just a moment, while I looked into that cupboard, I really was afraid."

It is only the usual which is unusual in France just now. These few things I have mentioned are the occurrences of every day.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Their Turn Now

German refugees experiencing in their own territory some of the sufferings inflicted by their countrymen upon the unfortunate Belgians and French

His Place on the Sunbeam

This is how a German prisoner was brought in to General Headquarters during the battle of the Aisne. His captor, being single-handed, could not afford to place him behind or at his side while driving, and accordingly hit upon the plan of lashing him astride of the bonnet of his six-cylinder three-seater Sunbeam

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The Light Heart of London

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

I SHOULD like to premise by stating that I reside in a rural suburb far away from such frivolities as streets and shops and places of entertainment. There is, however, no need for alarm; I am not going to tell the story of my life. (Thank you.—ED.) I mention this quite personal detail only because it explains my point of view at the moment. As many people know, or have heard, the British Empire is at present engaged in war. In our suburb, those of us who cannot join the Army are Special Constables or are members of the various committees for the relief of local distress; while our women knit scarves for the men at the front, and make, and wash, and iron shirts for the wounded. The rest of our time is given up to finding homes for the many Belgian refugees among us, and collecting funds for their maintenance. At every turn we are confronted by the far-reaching effects of this devastating war, in the shadow of which it is literally true that our little suburb lives and moves and has its very being.

And the other night, after an absence from Town of nearly a week, I paid a visit to London. Furthermore, I sat out the programmes of two representative music-halls in one evening. In the old days this feat would have been impossible owing to the now

generally admitted fact that a man cannot be in two places at once. Unless, of course, he is a bird. The performance at the Palladium began a little after six o'clock in the evening, and by half-past-six the huge auditorium was crowded. By the courtesy of the management I roamed through the house, upstairs and downstairs, and saw the same groups of careless, jolly people in every part. Young men with their sweethearts, older men with their wives and daughters, all were following the excellent entertainment with light-hearted and hilarious enjoyment as if the war at our gates, like Drake in his hammock, were a thousand miles away. Here and there was a sprinkling of khaki, but not enough to dull the brightness of the general colour-scheme; besides, the soldiers were inclined to be rather serious, whereas the rest of the young men gave me the impression that they had not a care in the world. . . .

Billy Merson is a quaint comedian with a surprising command of his audience. One or two of his little gags were not altogether new, and I have known them, even in happier times than these, to fall a little flat at public entertainments. But that night everything went with a swing. When he fired a pistol at his imitation donkey the audience roared with laughter; and when he kicked the donkey in the stomach the audience positively shrieked with delight, the shriller laughter of the girls leading, as you might say, by a short head. For the rest, Mr. Merson's entertainment is both clever and diverting and he deserved every bit of the liberal applause he received. Another artist whom I saw for the first time, is Miss Maidie Scott, who was described on the programme as "just a comedienne." Miss Scott is rather more than that, however. She impressed me as being a consummate artist. The songs she had to sing were indifferent enough as raw material, but the finished article that she made of

them was quite a triumph of art. The audience cheered and laughed at her delightful nonsense—I laughed at it myself quite uproariously. And yet, somehow, as I looked round at the joyous crowd about me I could not help thinking for a moment of

Allies in Adversity

A French soldier wounded in the arm gives a similarly situated British one a light in the streets of——

MLLE. GABY DESLYS
Who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre

those chilly nights on the country railway bridges, and the gentle women I knew who were at home stitching and knitting, and washing and ironing, for no other reward than that of a satisfying sense of duty done.

It is an absurd point of view to take, of course. Our entertainers and laughter-makers must be supported, and I have not the least right to assume that the men and women in that vast audience had not already done their "little bit" for the day. Besides, they also serve who only—sit and laugh. It is the incongruity of the thing that one has to get used to. When the entertainment at the Palladium had concluded I drifted off to the Palace Theatre, which I reached in time to see the opening of the delightful revue, *The Passing Show*. The Palace is, I suppose, easily the first of our variety theatres. Here, again, the house was crowded, the conventional evening-dress of the stalls being very liberally sprinkled with khaki in all its forms, a detail that seemed to me curiously to support a prevalent idea that in this present war it is the wealthier class of our countrymen that has given most freely of its best.

Here, as one would expect, hilarity was more restrained; but there was never any sign of lack of interest in the excellent entertainment provided. Mr. Arthur Playfair's amusing versatility was very enjoyable, though now and again it seemed to me that some of his "gags" were, perhaps, unnecessarily frank. The same may, perhaps, be said of the playful interlude called *Mariage à la Mode*, which is, apparently designed to show that conjugal fidelity is now out of fashion. The point was, however, very delicately emphasised, and the conclusion was drawn with commendably clever humour. After this sketch came the star of the evening, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, whose vigorous dancing in its more frenzied stages seemed to render her attire almost superfluous. The art of Mlle. Deslys is clearly a popular feature at the Palace Theatre, and it is certainly the dominating feature of any entertainment in which she takes part. She speaks her English lines daintily, but I like the sound of her voice better in her native tongue. With one or two very minor exceptions there is an agreeable air of refinement about this entertainment, and I sat it out to the end with perfect enjoyment.

Apologetic

I regret to have to admit that a mistake crept into my notes last week, and I am hastening to make the correction.

I spoke of the revival of *A Country Girl* as being at the Gaiety Theatre and I added a few touching words as to the heroism of the old-time Gaiety masher now in the battle line.

As a matter of fact the home of *A Country Girl* is at Daly's Theatre.

I was at first inclined to lay the blame for the slip on the sub-editor, who retaliated with the ridiculous assertion that the fault was mine alone.

Whereas, of course, the whole thing is so obvious. It must have been a printer's error. JINGLE

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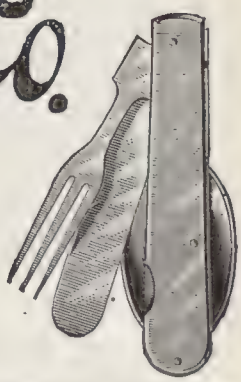

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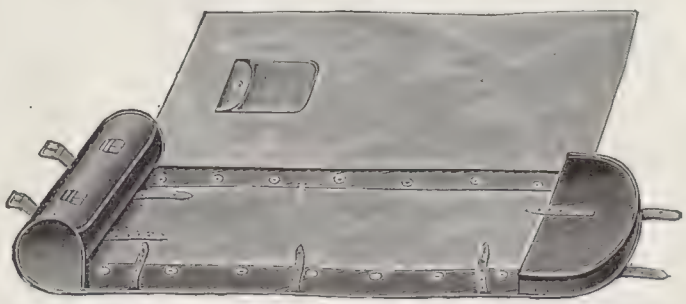

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Three Aberdonia ambulances presented complete to the British Red Cross Society by Mrs. Ashcroft and family. A miniature Union Jack tied in a bunch of white heather was presented to each of the drivers by Mrs. Ashcroft—an appropriate way of wishing them "good luck"

Motoring Affairs of War-Time

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Zeppelin "Menace"

THE Zeppelin invasion idea, despite the arguments of the anti-scaremonger portion of the Press (including THE BYSTANDER), is still with us, and therefore I propose to emphasise one point, to which, as far as I am aware, too little importance has been attached, because it seems to me to prove conclusively that the 'menace" is merely a Germanic attempt to ravage the chicken-heart, to terrorise the enemy with its possibilities and buck up the war spirit in the Fatherland. It appeals to me as strange that if Germany had half its alleged faith in the Zeppelin it should not have been equipped with a thousand or two of them before the war. It took the trouble to equip itself wonderfully well with everything else except the one thing that was to send armies and cities to blazes and rape old England from Wick to Brighton. It took the trouble to make Taubes by the hundred; but the Zeppelin in bulk is still to make in bulk, while the few which did exist have, so far as our knowledge goes, hardly done as much execution as the same number of armoured cars.

***

Touching the Napier

The Napier Company's policy for the new year is a wise concentration upon fewer types than previously. The old nineties, sixties, and even the forty-fives, are gone, and in pleasure vehicles the 30-35 h.p. six-cylinder, which I observed through its 2,000-mile Alpine test, takes premier place. Very worthily, too. It is a magnificent car. I could wish my best friend nothing better. The four-cylinder vehicle is 16-22 h.p., of which I will write again later, being just engaged upon the test of it. This was the car which so finely emerged from probably the most gruelling trial ever imposed upon a British motor vehicle. In the commercial car department there are three chassis, the 4½ ton 40 h.p. model, the 20-24 h.p. vehicle equal to 30 to 45cwt., and the 16-20 h.p., which makes light of 15cwt. These three amply cover the industrial field.

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A Literary Trinity

Longmans Green have issued a new edition of the *Flying Book*, a compact compendium of the many types of machine (with line drawings) which are making history in the theatre of war. Well worth the 2*s.* 6*d.* charged for it. Another book just along deals with electricity on the car—lighting, starting, and ignition systems—plainly explained and excellently presented. Iliffes, 1*s.* 6*d.* Yet another by my prolific friend, Leonard Henslowe, entitled *Woman and the Car*, which is a compression of most of the things of motoring interest to women—so far as a mere male may be permitted to believe he knows them. A very effective and useful publication indeed. Price 1*s.* (*The Gentlewoman.*)

***

Things That Matter

Since I referred to the successful organisation of Colonel Arthur du Cros' ambulance convoy and his suggestion for another and similar convoy for presentation to the Colonial and Indian forces, I have received another note from Colonel du Cros (who undertook to provide, in conjunction with his friends, the first ten vehicles required) to the effect that Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry have donated one complete ambulance, and Messrs. W. Scott Miller, Nigel Baring, C. Kayser, and Julius Kayser have each donated another, that makes fifteen all told.

***

The Clincher Tyre Company informs me that it has supplied tyres to the French, Belgian, and British War Departments as well as the Red Cross Society. Good. By the way, the new Clincher tyre list for 1915 is out, and well worth the trouble of getting from Clincher House, Great Portland Street. It is a cleverly devised and interesting little publication, and the tyre is easily with the best of the British, which means the best in the world.

Our factory is working night and day producing CLAUDEL-HOBSON carburetters for the use of the British Army. Complete arrangements have been made, nevertheless, for dealing with the home demand.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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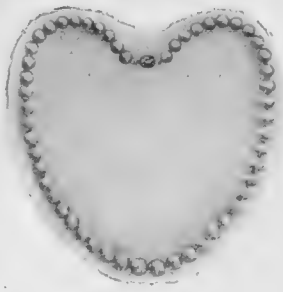

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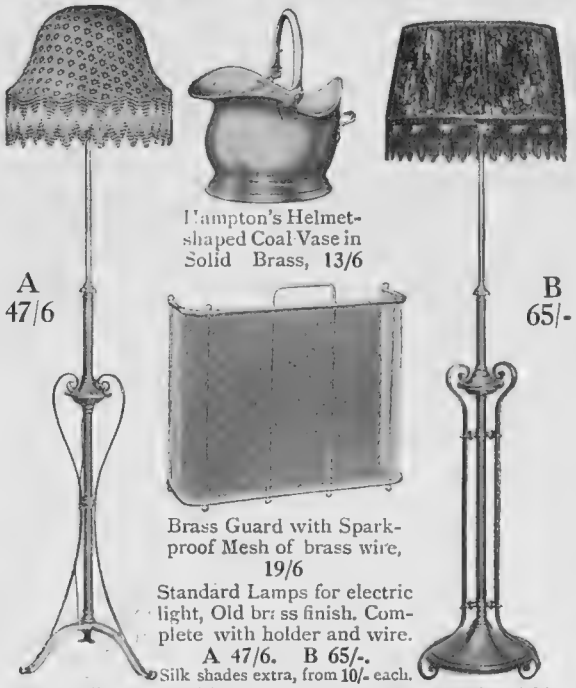

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HOW IT REACTS BOTH UPON MEN AND WOMEN

BY "EFEMERA"

EVERYONE, I daresay, has heard the definition of an optimist as a person who does not care what happens so long as it does not happen to himself, and of a pessimist as a man who has lived some time with an optimist. The average Briton is an optimist. As a nation we are not greatly moved by what happens beyond our own borders, so long as we suffer no personal discomfort. It is easy to feast when others pay the bill. It is easy to sit at home or in the corner pub with someone else fighting our battles. A great disaster abroad or at home may cause John Bull to put his hand in his pocket—not so much from motives of sympathy, as from the conscientious belief that something ought to be done, and also from the vague feeling that charity constitutes a sort of moral insurance against personal loss.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY LYTTON AND HER SON, LORD KNEBWORTH

Lady Lytton has been indefatigable in organising a fund and in personally giving her services for the care of the wounded soldiers now quartered at All Saints Hospital, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

We are an easy-going nation. We worship our comforts, our ordinary habit of life, our games and sports. Anything which threatens to interfere with these is a national bugbear. We hate and fear discomfort. Like most people not over-burdened with imagination, we live in the present. So long as we are not greatly disturbed or incommoded, the desperate battle waged barely twenty miles from our gates leaves us comparatively indifferent. As for the Eastern theatre of war, news from it affects us emotionally about as much as news from Mars or the moon. The man in the street, and even more the man in the workshop, has not grasped the significance of his personal existence. He cannot bring himself to realise that defeat of us and our Allies abroad means disaster at home. The war news is fairly good—that is all he cares to know. He feels no personal responsibility. It is so long since England has been invaded that he cannot conceive of such a thing as an actual possibility.

We may well be thankful that we have been spared the fate of Belgium, the desolation of France, a nation in arms, with every able-bodied man actively serving his country, but we cannot with any sort of grace "make the best" of their suffering and of our immunity. To see what we have so far escaped, we have only to look at the contrast between Brussels, Paris, and our own London. Brussels in the hands of the Germans, Paris silent, grave, all her theatres shut, everything at a standstill, except the work of the hour, and London, where, except for the darkness at night, all is as usual. Who are we to congratulate ourselves on being spared? We owe our good fortune to a happy accident of geography.

You cannot make the best of things unless you look them in the face, see them for what they are, weigh the consequences and meet them in a spirit of cheerful determination. Evasion is cowardly. It may bring a weak momentary contentment, but the evil day is only postponed. Pretending that a thing is pleasant does not make it so. Pretending that our full strength may not be required does not lessen the need. Foolish irresponsibility is only less despicable than hypocrisy. In a case like the present it is treason to ourselves, our nation and our Allies. We have no right to "make the best" of our hate of discomfort by giving in to it.

The self-respecting man, the brave man—and this applies equally to women—meets the issue squarely, determines his course of conduct, gives of his best—himself and his resources—and then, casting care aside, treats the whole thing lightly, his personal sacrifice most of all. He makes the best of things as they are, not as he might like to have them, and, incidentally, of himself. It is easy to be light-hearted if things go to one's liking, or if one evades responsibility. There is no merit in it. Only a brave man can make merry at his own expense. A cheery grin in the face of discomfort, hardship, and death is worth a thousand times over all the sickly smiles, the dull placidity of the shirker who passes by on the other side. The world at present has no room for such. EFEMERA

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By MRS. JACK MAY

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SHORT NOTICE SERVICE KIT. Burberrys have prepared Tunics, Slacks, Knicker-breeches, Great Coats and British Warms ready to try on. Thus fitting is done when ordering, and an outfit has been completed in two hours.

Every Genuine Burberry Garment is labelled 'Burberrys.'

MILITARY BROCHURE POST FREE ON REQUEST

Officers in France can obtain all War Kit from Burberrys' Paris House.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

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A GRACEFUL FIGURE AND A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary.

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—Madame Elvira will, owing to the general state of finance, make a considerable reduction in her fees to Ladies wishing to avail themselves of her treatment between now and Christmas.

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE.

4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.

Telephone: 6017 Victoria,

The Children's Shoe-man

KELZEEZI

(Established over 60 Years)

WE will send our illustrated booklet (No. 4) "Artistic Footwear for Children of all Ages" post free, or goods for approved references or deposit.

No. 147 represents a comfortable house-shoe for little children. It is very pliable and light in weight, but is made from specially selected materials which will withstand rough usage. In Tan, Black or White.

Sizes:	3—4½	5—6½	7—8½	9—10
Prices:	3/6	3/9	4/3	4/6

Henry Kelsey

94, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.

50, George Street, Croydon. 20, Stamford Hill, N.

together with simple, lucid instructions, "How to Make," at 3*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*; or ready to wear at 4*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.*

For Warmth

Shoolbreds have arranged for an unceasing supply of natural wool body-belts at 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* Socks commence at 1*s.*, those in army grey, of fine quality, coming out at 1*s.* 6*d.* the pair. The cap-scarf comforter is proving a great success, and one doubts if the wool could be bought for the price of the finished article, namely, 2*s.* The ordinary scarves in khaki range from 2*s.* 6*d.* and those in navy blue from 1*s.* 9*d.*, while the choice in khaki cardigans is as complete and comprehensive as could well be imagined. In a word, the Army clothing scheme at Shoolbreds, including the provision of uniforms ready-made or to order, has been attacked in a manner that is characteristically thorough and satisfactory.

A Dainty and Original Tea-Gown

As usual, Mrs. Dorothy Millar has brought atmosphere into her pictured original design of a home tea-gown. The pensive figure is clearly knitting her thoughts into the sock that is only partially engrossing her attention, while she is obviously unconscious of the charming picture she makes, arrayed in a tea-gown scheme of purple and pale mauve. The petticoat, which plays so elegant a part in the design, is of the palest lilac chiffon, ornamented with graduated tucks at the hem, to which is toned the soft satin lining to the velvet overdress. The latter is merely the simplest Magyar arrangement, the back falling in free straight folds, and concluding in a short square-edged train, and fronts that cross and fasten beneath the train at back. For the quaint little *fichu* collar chiffon is again requisitioned, and the *ensemble* is altogether charming, without a trace of effort or exaggeration.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A TEA-GOWN

Of purple and pale mauve, with petticoat of pale lilac chiffon, ornamented with graduated tucks and velvet Magyar overdress

DRAWN BY DOROTHY MILLAR

The Marcel Hair-Waving

On calling at 534, Oxford Street, the other day I was hardly surprised to find the establishment and everything in connection with this wonderful and scientific discovery going strong, the war notwithstanding. Marcel's Syntonic Treatment is the same, approximately, as nature's own way of producing natural wavy hair. It is a remarkable discovery, and has the affirmation of Dr. Mechnikoff that the treatment actually preserves the pigmentary cells of the hair, in addition to imparting the always covetable waved appearance. Furthermore, the straightest, greasiest, and most obstinate hair growing on any head responds to the Syntonic touch. It may also be of interest to learn that the process is perfectly painless, and is likewise quick and comparatively inexpensive, since for the small fee of 5*s.* per wave some 700 to 1,000 hairs are rendered not merely frizzy, but wavy, as though artificially produced by tongs. There is, however, just one small consideration to be borne in mind, and this is that hair grows from the roots. Therefore about every six months it requires, after the initial process, to be treated with Marcel's new root transformers; while ladies living abroad should ask for Marcel's Euriplasso Home Treatment, the outfit costing one guinea.

Some Cyclax Specialities

In these days of stress and strain, our eyes, those "windows of the soul," as they have been called, are fearful tell-tales. As Mrs. Hemming, the founder and proprietor of the Cyclax Remedies, points out, this can be quite easily circumvented by a daily use of her miraculous eye lotion. To realise fully the beneficial effect of the lotion it should be applied at the end of a fatiguing day, or when the eyes have undergone any undue strain.

HEALTHY CHILDREN · HAPPY MOTHERS

The Allenburys Foods

Parent's Testimony

"I enclose photograph of my two eldest children at 2¼ years and 14 months respectively; they were brought up on **your foods** and **show good results.**"

A complete and progressive dietary, specially adapted to the growing digestive powers.

Milk Food No 1 Birth to 3 months. **Milk Food No 2** 3 to 6 months. **Malted Food No 3** 6 months upwards.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Management," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

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You'll find it absolutely delicious!

Mix Milkmaid Café au Lait with hot water in a breakfast cup, and fill up with boiling water. A most delicious beverage as aromatic and silky as it is served on the Continent.

Café au Lait

(Milkmaid Brand)

Leaves no "grounds" for complaint.

Sold in 5½d. and 10d. tins by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

FREE Sample sent for name and address of grocer and 2d. stamps for postage.

NESTLÉ'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

By Royal Appointment *to H.M. The King.*

DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

WHITENS & PRESERVES THE TEETH
STRENGTHENS THE GUMS
CLEANSES THE PALATE

The increasing popularity of DR. PIERRE'S DENTAL PREPARATIONS is due to their incontestable proofs of superiority over all others for the Teeth and Gums.

6 GRANDS PRIX and 25 MEDALS AWARDED FOR EXCELLENCE.

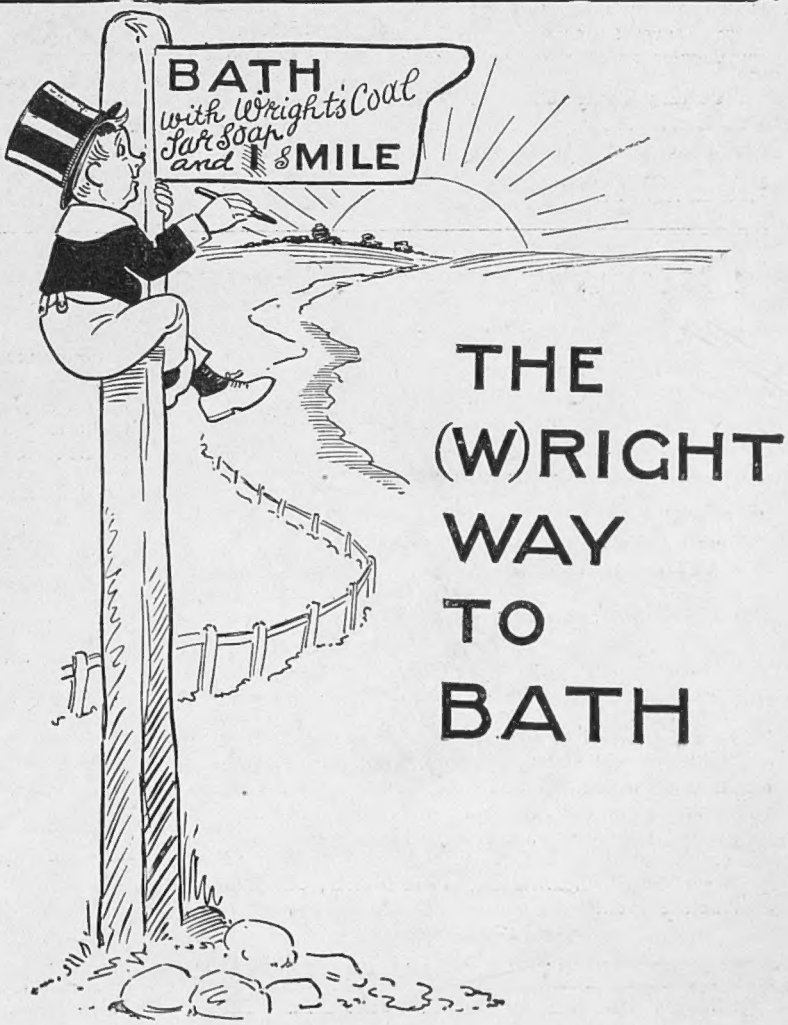
DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

By Special Appointment to H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER OF ITALY, and the ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS of AUSTRIA and SPAIN.

BEING HIGHLY CONCENTRATED IT IS ECONOMICAL IN USE

N.B.—It is of vital importance to use a DENTIFRICE containing neither Phenol, Solol nor Saccharine, products capable of generating serious inflammation of the Mucous and the Skin (Eczema).

Samples 2d. Post Paid from Depot E. 203, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



THE (W)RIGHT WAY TO BATH

Another most invaluable preparation at the moment, I consider, is Cyclax Braceine. As the name implies, this braces up the skin and muscles, which must necessarily be relaxed, and it is simple and delightful to use. Of course, as always, Cyclax Skin Food is the basis of the whole treatment. It has rightly been called the balm of balms, and it would be interesting, if such were possible, to know the exact percentage of complexions that owe their beautifully clear, fresh "tone" to Cyclax Skin Food.

The Lord Mayor's Choice

On the occasion of the Lord Mayor's Banquet, which was held at the Guildhall on the 9th inst., and at which over nine hundred people were present, Bollinger (1906 vintage) was one of the champagnes selected.

British Musicians at the Savoy

The musical profession, like many another, is hit by the war. It is, therefore, good news that the Savoy is inaugurating a series of Sunday *dîners musicals*, at which such a distinctively British group of instrumentalists as Mr. Herbert Withers, Mr. Albert Sammons, and Mr. Lionel Tertis will play. At the first function of the series next Sunday all three are to give selections. Mr. Withers's contributions will include, it is understood, some excerpts that aroused special enthusiasm on his tour in the East.

Cutting Down the Coal Bill

It is an economy worth trying to substitute for the present old-fashioned grate in one's sitting-room one of the Hue Barless Fires made by Young and Marten, Ltd., of Stratford, E., which can be adapted to any already existing fireplace. All you have to do is to send to Messrs. Young and Marten a template or paper pattern of the size and shape of your hearth, and they will supply you with a Hue Fire to fit it. Any ordinary workman can then easily remove the old grate and put in the new one within a few hours. The Hue Fires are pleasant to look at, throw the heat well into the room instead of up the chimney, and consume very much less fuel than the old-fashioned high grate.

"HUE" BARLESS FIRE-GRATE

Applicable to any existing fireplace. It is supplied by Messrs. Young and Marten, of Stratford, E.

"Holidays as Usual"

The Great Western Railway Company announce that their annual publication, "Holiday Haunts," is now in course of preparation for the 1915 season. There is no doubt as to the excellence of this guide from the standpoint of the hotel proprietors and boarding-house keepers, as it enjoys an immense circulation among the holiday-making public. Full particulars respecting the insertion of announcements can be obtained at the stations and offices, or will be forwarded post free upon receipt of a postcard by Mr. Chas Aldington, Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.

Insurance for Ladies

The women of to-day are quick to recognise the many advantages offered by life assurance, and every year an increasing number of policies for ladies is issued by the first-class offices. The Scottish Widows Fund gives a useful summary of the benefits which ladies can obtain by means of an assurance policy in a special "Prospectus for Ladies," which may be obtained gratis on application to the Society's head office, 9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, or one of the London offices, 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo Place, S.W. The benefits offered are of so comprehensive a nature that ladies having an independent income no less than those who earn their own living find their requirements fully met.

An Opportunity for Bargain-Hunters

Those who are setting up housekeeping or renewing their home equipment for the winter should visit the showrooms, which are close to Warren Street Station, Tottenham Court Road, W., of Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., Ltd. an "All-British" house from the day when it was started in 1848. Having purchased the stock of a furnishing house from the liquidator at a discount of 50 per cent., they are holding a big sale of furniture, china, glass, silver, carpets, bedding, and everything for the home, which should be seen, or an illustrated Sale Catalogue sent for, without delay. Among the articles offered are hundreds suitable for pretty and useful wedding, birthday, or Christmas presents.

The Menu: Afternoon Tea—Scones and Cakes

Scotch Scones
Syrup Scones
Tea Cakes (Hot)
Cocoa-Nut Pyramids
Sandwich Cake
Oat Cake
Scotch Shortbread

Scotch Scones

Four tablespoonfuls of flour to 1 oz. of butter. Rub into the flour till smooth. Add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful carbonate of soda, one egg, and a little milk. Bake in rather a quick oven.

Syrup Scones

One pound of flour, 2 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of sultanas, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of golden syrup. Put the flour into a basin, and throughly mix in the butter, sultanas, soda, and acid. Pour the syrup into the milk, and add this to the dry ingredients, working it into a smooth, soft paste. Knead as little and as quickly as possible, roll it out to half an inch thickness, cut in rounds, and bake in a moderate oven.

Tea-Cakes

Six ounces of flour, 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of castor sugar, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder. Rub together and mix with one egg and a little milk. Cut in rounds and bake in a quick oven.

Cocoa-nut Pyramids

Four ounces of pounded cocoa-nut (desiccated cocoa-nut answers admirably), 4 oz. of castor sugar, and the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all well together, and pile up in a rocky heap in small tins. Bake in rather a quick oven, until the cakes are slightly golden colour.

Sandwich Cake

Take the weight of two eggs in butter, sugar, and flour and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and flour and baking-powder, and lastly the eggs, well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven, and when cold cut open and spread with jam, dust the top with powdered sugar.

Oat Cake

Quarter of a pound of coarse oatmeal, ¼ lb. of flour, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, a pinch of salt, ¼ lb. of butter, lard, or dripping, one heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix to a light dough, roll out thin, and bake on a tin sheet. Do not cut with a knife, but break to any size required. Bake a light golden.

Scotch Shortbread

Half a pound of butter, ¼ lb. of castor sugar, 1 lb. of self-raising flour. Knead the butter into half of the flour, add sugar, and gradually work in the rest of the flour. Knead well. Roll out required thickness, and bake on a tin in a quick oven till of a pale brown. EMILIA

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

The pipe for all weathers is a pipe of "Three Nuns" Tobacco. The delicate, sweet fragrance of this sound, old-fashioned mixture is just the thing to cheer and comfort the smoker on a long tramp, and at his journey's end he will rest the better for the mild, cool flavour of this best of smokes.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER 6½d. OZ.

No. 371.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

MEDIUM. **3d. for 10.**

The Sweetness of Youth

Healthy Teeth mean a healthy digestion and freedom from illness.

can be maintained throughout life if strict attention is paid to one or two essential rules. The most important thing is to clean the teeth regularly and well with

Regesan

KING OF HEALTH

TOOTH PASTE

This preparation is put up in two flavours—Mint and Ordinary—and contains all the necessary ingredients for cleansing the teeth and maintaining the mouth in a perfectly healthy condition.

9d. per Tube. *Sold only by*

Chief London Branch: 182 Regent St., W.

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